

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, 1897, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1336 Nineteenth Street. Saturday. (1897) My dear Alec:

What have I done that you should treat me so badly? First letting me wait days and days without a word of any kind from you until I get terribly worried and mortified and then sending me such a cold, formal, stilted and "I-wish-I-hadn't-got-to-do-it" letter without one single loving word or thought in it from beginning to end. Nothing to hint that you write because you still loved me and thought of me and could not get through the day without asking for my sympathy and participation in your interests, but instead between each line so plainly as almost to blot out other words, the wish that "I didn't have to write. What an unmitigated bore that duty compels me to fill out this sheet much against my will. What shall I say, how can I spin out long enough. Heigho how thankful I am to reach the end and sign my name." You don't even remember who you are writing to, sometimes it is for the children, sometimes it is for your father and mine, generally it is for the whole family except your wife, to her there is nothing, absolutely nothing but the address on the envelope.

I was so delighted and so happy to get it as I had been waiting and watching each mail for long days. I could not wait until I got out to Twin Oaks. We were just starting and it was late, but called the children and told them there was a nice long letter from Papa and read it to them on the way out, as far as I could as we were in the phaeton. They were pleased but my spirits went down down until they sunk below 2 zero, where they have been ever since. I don't want any long duty letters, if you don't care to write to me any more, don't and I will try to bury my hurt pride and love as best as I can. I don't care much about the schooners and the tide, the sheriff and his bride, but I do want to know what you are doing, when you go to bed, when you get up, where you walked those six miles. What are you

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doing all the time? Why didn't you go over to Whashabucket and see the pines gathered yourself? Why didn't you arrange about the plumbing yourself and not "appear not to have anything to say" about it and to leave it all to Mr. McCurdy and Mrs. Bell. I don't want Mr. McCurdy to manage the house and place for us. I want you to do it. Forgive me for railing but I do feel dreadfully sore. I miss you so much, feel so lonely without you, want so much to write every day and tell you about everything and think you care, but after waiting long days here comes a long letter without one inquiry after us, one hint that the thought of us is anything but a nuisance since decency compels you to write.

I am dreadfully disappointed in both Mr. Everett and Mr. Barry's plans. Won't you try Mr. Jacques. I like his the best so far. He is the one that put the bath room over the parlor. Mr. Everett as far as I can see hasn't one idea either of yours or mine. I am discouraged and want nobody to help me but you. Why will you leave things to Mr. McCurdy and Mr. McInnis. Fancy the latter's telling the plumber that I wanted cold water faucets in all the bedrooms. Come home just as soon as you can. I miss you so dreadfully,

Your loving May.